THE GLORY OF TOIL

Edna Dean Proctor

Melitz
Sent to R.R.L. Oct. 1926

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SONGS OF JOY AND VISION
FROM THE PRESENT-DAY
POETS OF AMERICA AND
GREAT BRITAIN

EDITED BY
MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

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AND OTHER POEMS

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BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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TO

TOILERS EVERYWHERE

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THE GLORY OF TOIL

THE GLORY OF TOIL

WHETHER they delve in the buried coal,
or plough the upland soil,
Or man the seas, or measure the suns,
hail to the men who toil!
It was stress and strain, in wood and
cave, while the primal ages ran,
That broadened the brow, and built the
brain, and made of a brute a man;
And better the lot of the sunless mine,
the fisher's perilous sea,
Than the slothful ease of him who
sleeps in the shade of his bread-
fruit tree;
For sloth is death and stress is life in all
God's realms that are,
And the joy of the limitless heavens is
the whirl of star with star!

Still reigns the ancient order — to sow,
and reap, and spin;
But oh, the spur of the doing! and oh,
the goals to win,
Where each, from the least to the great-
est, must bravely bear his part —
Make straight the furrows, or shape
the laws, or dare the crowded
mart!
And he who lays firm the foundations,
though strong right arm may
tire,
Is worthy as he who curves the arch and
dreams the airy spire;
For both have reared the minster that
shrines the sacred fire.

Floods drown the fairest valleys; fields
droop in the August blaze;
Yet rain and sun are God's angels that
give us the harvest days,

And toil is the world's salvation, though
stern may be its ways:
Far from the lair it has led us — far
from the gloom of the cave —
Till lo, we are lords of Nature instead
of her crouching slave!
And slowly it brings us nearer to the
ultimate soul of things:
We are weighing the atoms, and wed-
ding the seas, and cleaving the
air with wings;
And draining the tropic marshes where
death had lain in wait,
And piercing the polar solitudes, for all
their icy state;
And luring the subtle electric flame to
set us free from the clod —
O toiling Brothers, the earth around, we
are working together with God!
With God, the infinite Toiler, who
dwells with His humblest ones,

And tints the dawn and the lily, and
flies with the flying suns,
And forever, through love and service,
though days may be drear and
dim,
Is guiding the whole creation up from
the deeps to Him!

THE GOAL OF THE WORLD

(Words for the central movement of Chopin's "Funeral March")

O the goal of the world is Joy —
Joy divine that is born of love!
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above.
There are days that darken and die in gloom
Till the heart is heavy with grief and wrong,
Yet still in the shadow some rose will bloom,
And still through the wail there runs a song;
For loss and anguish are only the beat
Of the wild March rains that bring the sheaves,

And a wind of heaven will woo our feet
To the vales of peace in the harvest eves.

Never a star too late or dim
To hold its way with the central sun;
Nor a voice too faint to swell the hymn
By the Father's throne when the years are done—
The ages of God that are moulding fair
Each life for the glory that is to be;
Nor the woes of earth nor the powers of air
Can stay from the palms and the crystal sea!
For oh, the goal of the world is Joy—
Joy divine that is born of love:
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above!

THE WAR IN EUROPE — 1915'

(Abdallah of Cairo speaks)

By the Prophet! If these be Christians,
where shall we find the Heathen?
If this is their gospel of Love, where
shall we look for Hate?
With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in
temple and shrine is wreathen,
But they raven like wolves in the fold
when the moon is late.

And for *what?* For the market; for greed
of gold and dominion;
To rule to the uttermost sea and the
shores no foot has trod;
Their impious fleets sail the sky, but
never a pinion
Bears the beleaguered spirit to regions
above the clod.

A blast of the desert were we in our fervor, our valor,
From Khalid to Amrou and Musa, lords of the Western world!
Alike in the flush of triumph, the death angel's pallor,
We were soldiers of God and our banners were only in Paradise furled!

These carry their Goddess with them — the Virgin they dare bedizen
With jewels and robe of silver or fret of gold to her feet;
Blessed, thrice blessed be Allah! the soul that to Him has risen
Nor images needs, nor temples, the merciful Lord to greet!

Pleasant the cool of the mosque, the fountain, the soaring column;

Dear the call of the muezzin to prayer
at the day's decline;
But the wind of the waste can summon
in tones more tenderly solemn,
For the East and the West are Allah's
— the wilderness-ways a shrine.

So, if this infidel host at the Moslem
gates should thunder,
We know that beneath the tumult
will be Allah's eternal calm;
Aye, if to prove our faith the walls should
be rent asunder,
He will build them again more
grandly for the glory of Islam!

. . . . . .

By the Prophet! If these be Christians,
where shall we find the Heathen?
If this is their gospel of Love, where
shall we look for Hate?

With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in
temple and shrine is wreathen,
But they raven like wolves in the fold
when the moon is late.

Hark to the roar of battle! the wail for
the dead and the dying!
Prating of light these Christians have
shrouded the earth in gloom;
Each unto God or Goddess for conquest
and gain is crying —
I will repeat the Fátiha and leave them
to their doom!

A MECCAN PROPHECY[2]

(1916)

Not Roum, but Meccah! where the skies
Lean just below God's Paradise,
And where the azure dome was riven
To let the Black Stone fall from heaven;
Where Abraham prayed and Ishmael
An angel led to Zem Zem's well,
And both upbuilt that House divine—
The Kaabah, earth's most holy shrine;
And where Our Lord Mohammed came
To save us from the awful flame.

Ah, when we heard that God is One,
And merciful, and that we dwell,
Beyond, in Paradise or Hell
As we have kept His just decrees—

A MECCAN PROPHECY

Praise be to Allah! round the world
To speed the truth our hosts were hurled;
  Swift as the light we made it run
From land to land till all the air
Echoed the fervent praise or prayer
  Of suppliant nations on their knees,
And half the earth, from pine to palm,
Was won for Allah and Islam.

Not Roum, but Meccah! Let the law
Go forth where first the Prophet saw
The way to God, and where he lies
Entombed with all high sanctities
Of earth and Heaven. The Turk's dark
    hour
Must pass. The Arab's day of power
Dawns newly, and the desert still
Shall have the vision and the will
To move the world! . . .

A SEA-BIRD

(Off Peru)

O TO be a sea-bird one celestial day,
Sailing, sailing, sailing past the wind
away!
All the crested billows rolling bright
below,
All the boundless heaven balm and light
and glow;
Ah, what life, what rapture wide-winged
thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O to poise in ether, high o'er cloudy
bars,
Where the cross at midnight burns
among the stars!
See, to eastward, Andes lift their snows
in air,

A SEA-BIRD

Westward bowery islands beckoning,
Eden-fair;
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged
thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O the primal freedom, O the glorious ease,
Flashing down the breakers, floating
with the breeze!
Still in rosy morning, sunset's golden
shine,
Sailing, sailing, sailing blithe above the
brine!
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged
thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

THE TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON[3]

A REALM of dreams is that sublimest chasm
Cleft by the gods in Arizona's plain,
Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress, weird phantasm,
Crowd the abyss and make our grandeur vain!
Where, with the dawn, full many a dome and palace
Fair as Aladdin's, fronts the terraced wall,
And towering altar-pile and carven chalice
Shine with the hues of heaven at evening's fall.

Where, south, loom Karnaks on the wide horizon —
Sphinx, temple, obelisk, to hail the sun;
North, slow cloud-shadows pass like herds of bison
Trailing across the gorges, bold and dun;
Where, in its awful bed, the Colorado,
Curbless, triumphant, to the hot Gulf goes,
And dreams, in quiet pools, of mountain meadow,
And the far splendor of Wyoming snows.

There when the sun sets and the glows are paling,
And sorrowing winds make moan by fane and tree —

Such sorrow as through Hades went bewailing
The glory vanished with Persephone —
When mid their crags the mountain sheep are folded,
And the cliff eagles to their eyries flown,
While all the mighty forms the gods have moulded,
Wrap them in purple dusk and grieve alone;

When the fond moon has climbed the eastern mountains
And silvered all her waiting peaks and pines
Past Rio Grande's, Colorado's fountains, —
The Ancient People throng their wonted shrines.

Silent as mists they steal by cliff and
hollow;
With soundless feet they thread the
woodland ways;
Only the wind, low-breathing, dares to
follow
Their flitting bands through pass and
darkling maze.

Hark! you may almost hear the incan-
tations,
The rhythmic dance, the chant, the
murmured prayer,
And, from afar, the faint reverbera-
tions
Of cry and drum-beat thrilling
through the air —
The herald's call, perchance, when dan-
ger hovers,
And chiefs and clans for council he
must rouse,

The laugh of children, speech of happy lovers
Soft as the sighing in the cedar boughs.

But ere day brightens Coconino's dimness,
Or proud Francisco's peaks have caught its rose,
Or with its flush the gray walls lose their grimness,
Ah, whither? — and the night wind only knows —
The night wind and the stars that watch forever
Above the shrines where their brown children throng,
And, swift beneath, the lone, triumphant river
That bears their secret seaward with its song!

. . . . . .

TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

A realm of dreams is that sublimest chasm
Cleft by the gods in Arizona's plain,
Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress, weird phantasm,
Crowd the abyss and make our grandeur vain!
Where festal sounds are heard if we but harken,
And shy forms flit and meet till moonlight wanes,
And the wind dies, and eerie shadows darken,
For over peak and plain enchantment reigns.

THE WAY TO WAKONDA[4]

(The Great Spirit of the Omaha Indians)

WAKONDA's way is the way of the wind
That blows from star to star;
And he who would find Wakonda
And the land where the Vanished are,
Must follow, follow, follow
The west wind in its flight,
And lo! he will reach Wakonda
And the Land of all Delight!

So long is the trail to Wakonda,
And the end thereof so sweet,
To the feet of the dead their moccasins
We tie to make them fleet;
And we know they will never wander
With cloud or moon or star,
But straight will speed to Wakonda
And the Land where the Loved Ones are.

A WOMAN OF PARIS[5]

(September, 1914)

RETREATING towards the Marne, his regiment
Would pass at morn a neighboring suburb through;
And thither walked his glad young wife, intent
To see her soldier, strong and brave and true;
And in her arms, or pattering with light feet
Beside her steps, she held her baby boy—
O the proud moment when his eyes should greet
Their little Victor brimming o'er with joy!

. . . . . .

Upon the curb she stood as past they filed,
When something barred the way and, unawares,
The march a moment stayed; then wife and child
Saw, in the line, the father's friend and theirs —
Christophe, the corporal, who quickly spied
The eager wife he knew as girl and bride,
And, springing from the ranks, he seized her arm:
"*Courage, courage, Madame! Your husband fell*
Yesterday, by my side, at Maux." . . .
Ah, well . . .
Ah, well . . . her eyelids closed, her heart stood still . . .
What joy henceforth can wile, what grief can harm! . . .

Then swift above her head, with deathless will
She raised her boy, presenting him, and cried,
For all her anguish, "Vive la France!"
A thrill
Ran through the throng, and with the line's advance
Cheers filled the morning sky for her and France
As if no soldier in his place had died! —
For France, secure, invincible, immortal,
While women such as she are at its portal!

PERSIA TO EUROPE[6]

(1911)

You scorn us? You dream we are ready to yield
Our realm at the threat of your armies afield?
You, race of wild rovers or forests your home
When *we* towered resplendent ere Athens or Rome?—
Our grandeurs of old we can never forget,
And the Mede and the Persian abide with us yet.

From the gulfs of the south to Tehrân and Tabriz'
We are rousing from sleep and submission and ease;

Is it just to assail us, yet hardly awake,
When we need all our valor and vigor
to break
The bonds that have kept us in weak-
ness and wrong?—
Away with your dirges and cheer us with
song!

For by our Avesta, that gospel of God
Leading upward the soul to His crystal
abode;
By thy columns, Persepolis, crowning
the plain
Where age after age saw thy glorious
reign;
By the snow of Elburz'; by the Sun in
the sky;
By Ormuzd and Allah — our rule shall
not die!

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

(Died at Khartoum, January 26, 1885)

Not Kilimanjáro towering to the sun
Could mate his grandeur as he stood, at morn —
The last hope vanished, the last moment run —
Facing his murderous foes with silent scorn
Till his high soul was freed in Afric air! . . .
Then from the sorrowing world there burst acclaim
For him, abandoned, yet above despair,
For him who boldest paths of service trod,
Forever in the shadow or the flame!
And so he perished — he, a knight of God —
Ah, deathless is the glory, is the shame!

MOUNT TACOMA[7]

(Washington)

I AM Tacoma, Monarch of the Coast!
Uncounted ages heaped my shining snows;
The sun by day, by night the starry host,
Crown me with splendor; every breeze that blows
Wafts incense to my altars; never wanes
The glory my adoring children boast,
For one with sun and sea Tacoma reigns!

Tacoma — the Great Snow Peak — mighty name
My dusky tribes revered when time was young!

Their god was I in avalanche and
flame —
In grove and mead and songs my
rivers sung
As blithe they ran to make the valleys
fair —
Their Shrine of Peace where no avenger
came
To vex Tacoma, lord of earth and
air.

Ah! when at morn above the mists I
tower
And see my cities gleam by slope and
strand,
What joy have I in this transcendent
dower —
The strength and beauty of my sea-
girt land
That holds the future royally in
fee!

And lest some danger, undescried, should lower,
From my far height I watch o'er wave and lea.

And cloudless eves when calm in heaven I rest,
All rose-bloom with a glow of paradise,
And through my firs the balm-wind of the west,
Blown over ocean islands, softly sighs,
While placid lakes my radiant image frame —
And know my worshipers, in loving quest,
Will mark my brow and fond lips breathe my name:

Enraptured from my valleys to my snows,
I charm my glow to crimson — soothe to gray;

And when the encircling shadow deeper
grows,
Poise, a lone cloud, beside the starry
way;
Then, while my realm is hushed from
steep to shore,
I yield my grandeur to divine repose,
And know Tacoma reigns forever-
more!

THE FIRE-MAIDEN AND THE SNOW-PEAKS[8]

(An Indian legend of the Columbia)

Loowit, the beautiful maiden
  Who gave the Red men fire
That the tents might bask in its rosy light
  And laugh at winter's ire —
Lit their hearts with a fiercer flame
  Of love and wild desire.
Fair was she as the morning star;
  Lithe as a fawn at play;
And the fire she fed was the only fire
  In all the world that day.

A hundred suitors thronged her feet
  From valley and wood and ridge,
But she sat, unmoved, by her blazing brands
  On the tahmanáwas bridge —

The bridge that Sághalie, chief of the gods,
Arched over the mighty river,
That the tribes might come and go at will
And brothers be forever.

Unmoved she sat, in her maiden dreams,
Above the river's flow
Till bold from the north came Klicki-tat
Challenging friend and foe,
While mountain lion and grizzly fled
From the shafts of his conquering bow;
Till blithe from the west came Wiyeast,
Valiant and tall was he —
The eagle paused in its upward flight
His goodly form to see;
And with them were their faithful braves
Eager the maid to hold,

And vowing she should wed their chief
Ere the young moon was old.

They wooed with gifts and honeyed words,
They showed their prowess there
In swiftest race and wondrous game
And all that men may dare;
But she could not choose between the twain,
Nor would she say them nay,
And with bitter thoughts they saw the sun
Turn westward, day by day,
And the smoke of her hearth float darkly up
Till all the sky was gray.
Then madness seized them and they closed
In battle's awful strife
Till the stream ran red with the blood of the slain

And death had more than life—
Till the wind went by like a sea-bird's cry
And the air with moans was rife.

Sághalie heard and was wroth, and cried,
"Behold now, who is stronger!
The cruel maid and the furious chiefs
Shall live to war no longer!"
And he shook the earth till the great bridge reeled
And plunged in the mighty river,
And with lightning's flash and thunder's crash
The three were gone forever!
Nor time nor tide, the roar of the wreck
From the fallen dalles can sever!

"But they were mine," said Sághalie,
"And they shall tower in snow,
To greet the sun at his rise and set,
And guard the river's flow."

And Wiyeast soars in grand Mount
Hood;
In Adams Klickitat shines;
And beautiful Loowit lifts her head
In rare Saint Helen's lines —
Loowit, the maid of the glowing
hearth,
Who gave the Red men fire,
That the tents might bask in its rosy
light
And laugh at winter's ire.
The lovers gaze on her radiant brow
But never may call her bride,
And thus, while the ages pass, they
tower
Alone, but glorified,
And the river, the mighty Oregon,
Rolls proudly at their side.

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

(NIGHT)

O THE gloom of the night with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main,
And anon with a cry o'er the tempest prevailing
Some wreck of the deep the wild ruin bewailing!
From the Shoals to Nantucket the lights are half hid
The rush and the roar of the breakers amid;
Ships turn from their moorings; the boats are adrift;
Not a merciful star looking down through a rift;

But blackness and fear with the wind
and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the deso-
late main.

(MORNING)

Now the sun tips with fire every wave's
tossing crest;
The gulls are blown seaward, the wind's
in the west;
And the wide-rolling deep and the kelp-
laden shore
See cloud and fog fleeing to gray Labrador.
The ships, all a-thrill with the joy of
the breeze,
Sail portward as light as the foam on
the seas;
Not a film in the sky — not a mote in
the air —
The blue seems the bright wall of
heaven laid bare —

And the gloom of the night and its
ghostly cry scorning,
We are glad in the azure and splendor
of morning!

AN ANGEL

At my window there's an angel
Robed in flame —
Orange, emerald, vermilion!
Countless treasure — not a trillion —
Though you heaped it to the sky,
Of the gems of earth could buy
Such magnificence of color,
Such release from gray and dolor,
All things tame,
As this wondrous angel brings
(O the ravishing evangel!)
In the splendor of his wings —
Orange, emerald, vermilion,
Gold of sunset, rose of dawn —
And his name?
'T is the maple on the lawn!

EBB AND FLOW

Said Earth in the darkness wailing
As morningward she turned,
"Alas for the golden summers
Along my peaks that burned!
And alas for the beautiful maidens
Who danced on the flowery leas,
And my sons so bold in camp and mart
And out on the stormy seas;
Like the rose and the palm they faded
And fell by a merciless doom —
Alas for the beauty and valor,
While I roll on, a tomb!

"No cliff of the loftiest mountains,
No deepest cave of the sea,

But is mingled of dust that once had life
And has gone afar from me:
The æons were brief to tell my grief,
The wide sky has not room,
My winds chant dirges evermore
While I roll on, a tomb!

"Soon will the warm May twilights
Be thrilling with lovers' words;
I shall hear the laughter of children,
The songs of nesting birds;
But I know the shadow will follow,
And my heart is lost in gloom
As I think of the infinite myriads dead,
While I roll on, their tomb!"

. . . . .

Morning floods the sky with splendor;
Lo! an angel in the sun
Crying, "*Life is lord forever!*
Life and death, O Earth, are one!

As the tides rejoice the ocean, summers wake
or still the sod,
So Life ebbs and flows forever, pulsing
with the heart of God!"

TO-MORROW

"*To-morrow! O the glorious To-morrow!*"
The soul forever cries;
"Balm it will bring for every hurt and sorrow
In the fair land that lies

Just yonder, hidden from our earthly vision,
But waiting, waiting there
With fullest compensations, joys elysian,
Nor blight of dole or care.

To-day on shore and sea the tempest rages,
The wild winds never cease;

To-morrow! — Ah! the thought of it assuages
The storm till all is peace."

. . . . .

No idle dream, but prophecy eternal,
This rapture of the soul —
This grand outreaching for the life supernal
Though whelming billows roll.

It doth not yet appear what worlds benigner
Within God's æons bide,
But oh, forever, days will dawn diviner,
And we be satisfied!

DANIEL WEBSTER[9]

(At his Birthplace)

Honor the home that reared him!—
the hills, the wood, the stream
That heard his earliest accents, that
shared his earliest dream!
A place it is for pilgrimage—for grati-
tude to shrine
A name and fame whose grandeur will
never know decline;
And with gladness and remembrance and
reverent accord,
For his greatness and his service we
bless and praise the Lord.

From his own Kearsarge and Katahdin
to Shasta's dome of snow,
From Superior's pines to the tropic Gulf
where the palm and the orange
grow,

He loved his Land and in dreams beheld
the splendor of its prime —
A mighty nation nobly dowered for a
destiny sublime;
And he strove to weld the States in one
with a strength no power could
sever,
For the cry of his heart was, "Liberty
and Union, now and forever!"

We think of him as a mountain peak
that towers above the lea,
Where sunshine falls and lightnings
flash and all the winds blow
free;
And his voice comes back like the swell-
ing chant, within some minster
old,
That floods the nave and thrills the
aisles and dies in a strain of
gold!

So lofty his eloquence, high his mien,
had he walked the Olympian
plain
The listening, wondering throngs had
seen great Zeus come down to
reign;
For beneath the blue or in stately halls,
he swayed the hearts of men,
As the boughs are swayed by the rush-
ing wind that sweeps o'er wood
and glen—
As the earth is swayed by the primal
fires that burn beyond our ken.
And when nor plea nor prayer availed
war's awful strife to shun,
His fervor glowed in the flag aloft and
nerved each loyal gun,
And above the roar of battle and the
rage of mad endeavor,
His cry still echoed, "Liberty and Union,
now and forever!"

Honor the home that reared him!—
the hills, the wood, the stream
That heard his earliest accents, that
shared his earliest dream!
Beyond earth's fret and censure how deep
the joy to him
That the Union lives, resplendent, not
one star lost or dim;
And while the skies enfold Kearsarge
and the meadows Merrimack
River,
From sea to sea, shall our watchword be
his patriot heart-cry, "Liberty
and Union, now and forever!"

CONCORD BY THE MERRIMACK[10]

Serene amid the meadows
Her seasons come and go;
To north her glorious mountains,
Her ocean tides below.
No Capital she envies
Its peak or plain or river—
Fair Concord by the Merrimack,
Whose fame is ours forever!

New Hampshire's treasured story
She guards within a shrine
As rare as Rome or Athens built
To those they held divine;
For her sons come back to crown her—
Their ties they cannot sever—
Fair Concord by the Merrimack
Whose fame is ours forever!

Still may the years bring wisdom
And honor to her halls;
Still her proud sons be eager
To serve when valor calls,
And see their Capital for aye
Of light and joy the giver—
Fair Concord by the Merrimack
Whose fame is ours forever!

THE CAGED ROBIN[11]

At the Pantheon of Mexico,
Through San Fernando's gate,
In a dim and dusty corridor
I chanced one morn to wait,
When, from the wall above me,
I heard a pleading note
As if a song had turned to sighs
Within a tiny throat,
And lo, a northern robin,
Far from his heritage,
With drooping wings and half-shut eyes
Locked in a narrow cage!

Morelos and Guerrero —
Rare bronze and stone, were there,
And Juarez, mourned of Mexico,
Ah, never rest so fair!
And from the Alameda

Wild music wafted down —
But what cared he for heroes dead,
Or all the Aztec town?
His mate was in the Northland
Where she would build her nest
By the apple blooms of the orchard,
On the bough she loved the best,
And O to be free and flying home
Past mount and wood and bay —
Home to the cool, green orchard,
Beneath the sky of May!
And suddenly he spread his wings
As if to take the air,
But wearily sank back again
To the quiet of despair. .
Then, from the sombre gateway,
I heard my comrades call,
And gained the street, but my heart
was left
With the robin on the wall.

BOLÍVAR

(At the Pantheon, Caracas)

Bolívar! Venezuela brings
To thee her richest offerings;
But bounds are not for fame like thine —
The continent is still thy shrine;
Yea, North and South through thee
are one,
Thou peer and heir of Washington!

And while La Guayra's vale is fair
And Ávila climbs proud in air,
While Maracaibo's mirror glows
And Orinoco seaward flows,
Thy name, thy glorious deeds shall
stand,
The bulwark of thy native land.

A HERO OF CARACAS[12]

Caracas! when I think of thee
I hear the bells chime tunefully,
The bells of Spain that mark the hour
Within thy gray cathedral tower,
And echo sweet and faint and far
Where Ávila's green summits bar,
Beyond the vale, the northern sea —
The shining, storied Caribee.

Superb in bronze and porphyries
I see, within the plaza trees,
Victorious thy Bolívar ride;
And 'gainst the mountain's bosky side,
Within the Pantheon where rest
Thy noblest and thy mightiest,
In stately pomp his urn enshrined,
A pæan sung by every wind!
And lo, to south, our Washington

Faces serene the tropic sun,
Benignant, firm, thy hills before,
As on his fair Potomac shore,
And at his feet, in endless May,
Thy merry, dark-browed children play:
Honor is his, by every sea,
Who won the world for Liberty!

But where is bronze or urn for him
Whose fame should never lapse or dim
While Caribee thy border laves?
Hast thou no grave, of all thy graves,
To give the boldest of thy braves?
No pedestal whereon to set
The chief nor peaks nor vales forget?—
Great Guaicaipu'ro, name to raise
The dead with, and to crown with bays!

Mould in metal or carve in stone
This Indian hero! Make him known

With thy Bolívar as he stood,
Despairing, fierce, that night of blood
When country, freedom, life were lost
As round him closed the invading host
With thrust of sword and pall of flame
And shouts that stayed the stars in shame;
And, dying, to his gods he cried
For vengeance, and in crying, died! . . .
Set the statue where all may heed,
And on its flawless marble read,
(Perchance his curse were lighter thus—
Lifted a shadow from thy strand—)
To Guaicaipu'ro valorous,
Defender of his native land.

DOUGLAS

THERE 's an old, old song with a sweet
refrain —
"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true"!
It was sung of a man by Scotia's main —
A man of a noble, knightly strain —
But Douglas, my collie, 't was meant
for you.

With your regal air and ruff of snow,
Your soft dark eyes for caress that sue,
Your welcoming bark, now loud, now
low,
And your glad response to love, I know
The old, sweet song was meant for
you —
"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

FORGIVENESS

A MOTHER, with her darling
Whose four years just had run,
Bade him ask God's forgiveness
For something he had done;
Then left him alone by the garden,
In the glow of the setting sun.

A moment — and he came flying
Back through the blooms of May:
"O mother, I *did* ask Him,
And quick I heard him say,
'Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;
Now you may go and play.'"

Ah! with our many lapses,
How blest could *we* hear Him say,

"Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;
Now you may go and play."
The peace that passeth knowledge
Would be in our hearts that day!

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Through storm and sun the age draws on
When Heaven and earth shall meet,
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of His feet;
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
The flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same through endless years,
And His word shall stand forever.

And they shall meet in love that knows
Nor race nor creed nor clime,
For the world shall be one brotherhood
In that celestial time;
And happiness shall be the air,
And righteousness the sod,

And earth go singing on her way
About the throne of God!

"What of the night?" O Watchman set
To mark dawn's earliest ray:
"The wind blows fair from the morning star,
Fair from the gates of day;
And over sorrow and sighing shines
The Dream of Galilee —
The Kingdom of God that shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea."

NOTES

NOTES

1. The Fátiha, the opening chapter of the Koran, and the Lord's Prayer of the Moslems, runs thus: —

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

2. Roum, in Arabic literature, is the name for Rome — Constantinople.

3. The country about the Grand Canyon and its tributary gorges abounds in relics of the prehistoric people who once dwelt there.

4. "The ceremony of each village (*gens*) had a central subject, some form or force,

having its abode in the sky or on the earth, and represented by a symbol. . . . The symbol may be an animal, as the buffalo, or a force, as the wind, and the people be spoken of by the names of the symbol of their village; as, the 'buffalo people,' or the 'wind people.' . . . It was the duty of the 'wind people' to put moccasins on the feet of the dead, that they might enter the spirit land and there be recognized and able to rejoin their kindred." (Alice C. Fletcher, in *The Indian and Nature.*)

5. This incident is told in *Paris Reborn* (p. 91), by Herbert Adams Gibbons. (The Century Co., 1915.)

6. In 1911, with the seizure of Persian territory by Russia, and the demands of Russia and England, the Constitutional and Progressive Party felt constrained to take up arms in the country's defense.

7. "Tacoma"—the Great Snow Peak—is the beautiful, ancient, Indian name of Washington's highest mountain. "Rainier"

should be banished from speech and from the maps.

8. *The Columbia River*, by W. D. Lyman, Whitman College, Oregon; *The Guardians of the Columbia*, by John H. Williams, Tacoma, Washington.

9. Read at the Daniel Webster Birthplace Celebration, at Franklin (Salisbury), New Hampshire, August 28, 1913.

10. These lines, written for the 150th Anniversary Celebration of the Charter of Concord, New Hampshire, and taken by the City as its Song, are reprinted by request. The "shrine" therein referred to is the beautiful building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, given by Mr. Edward Tuck, of Exeter, N.H., and Paris, France.

11. "The recumbent figure of Juarez, the Indian president, rests beneath a Grecian temple of purest white marble. Half supporting the body is the figure of Mexico mourning for her dead."

12. Guaicaipu'ro, a native Indian chief of the Caracas region, Venezuela, resisted desperately the incoming of the Spaniards, and in 1658, attacked in his mountain retreat, perished by fire and sword, with his last breath invoking vengeance upon the invaders.

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